

STORAGE

A J Wilkinson

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THE
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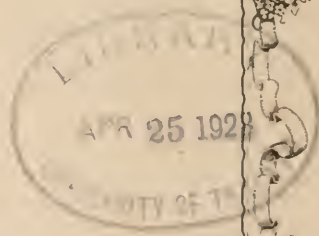
D. W. BRADEN.

ST. CATHARINES, ONTARIO.

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THE CANADIAN HORTICULTURIST.

Published by the Fruit Growers' Association of Ontario.

Rev. R. BURNET, President,
London.

D. W. BEADLE, Secretary,
St. Catharines.

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THE BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

In the May number there appeared an article on the study of botany, from the pen of George Mill, of Warwick, Ont., in which it was proposed to form a botanical society; and to that end, all persons wishing to form such a society were requested to send their names and address to the CANADIAN HORTICULTURIST for publication. The object of this is to enable students of botany to become acquainted with each other, and to take such steps as may seem advisable for the formation of a permanent provincial society.

The following names have been received:

J. FLETCHER, Ottawa.	DR. SCOTT, Forest.
G. A. DEADMAN, Brussels.	MISS WOODROOFE, Forest.
MRS. WM. ROY, Owen Sound.	MRS. HART, Forest.
JAMES H. BOWMAN, London.	JAMES JOHNSTONE, Forest.
A. J. WILKINSON, Cambray, Vie. Co.	GEORGE MILL, Warwick.
REV. R. HAY, Forest.	H. BEAUMONT SMALL, JR., Ottawa.
L. MCFADYEN, Forest.	R. B. WHYTE, Ottawa.
LINUS WOOLVERTON, Grimsby.	EBENEZER WATSON, Sarnia.

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BEADLE & BUCHANAN,

St. Catharines, Ont.

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THE SUMMER MEETING.

Discussion on "Transplanting Season" continued.

P. C. Dempsey, Albury, thinks that the locality has much to do in deciding at what season to plant. In cold latitudes trees brought from a more southern climate and planted in the fall suffer much from the severity of the winter, and often perish. The soil also has much to do with the matter. In light soils would tramp the earth firmly about the roots.

Rev. V. Clementi, Peterborough: I fail in fall planting, but succeed in the spring.

Henry Robertson, Collingwood, believes that fall planting is the best in his section, at least those trees which he had planted in the fall did well, while those planted in the spring largely failed.

P. C. Dempsey, Albury, would plant sorts that were at all tender on ground that sloped to the north.

J. McD. Allan, Goderich, stated that in Maine the orchards were planted mostly on the northern slopes; and that peach trees in his section did best on the north side of a fence, on the south side they soon died.

Chas. Arnold, Paris, grows peaches best on northern slopes.

D. W. Beadle, St. Catharines, had noticed that peach trees on the south side of buildings frequently lost their fruit, while the same variety on the north side would bear a good crop.

P. E. Bucke, Ottawa, stated that he had planted some filberts, part on the north side of the fence and part on the south side; those on the south side were killed back every winter, but those on the north side were not injured.

The fruit committee presented their report on the fruits on exhibition, in which they say that the Ontario Black Raspberry is a very fine berry, fully as large as the Mammoth Cluster, and a few days earlier.

THE BEST TWENTY VARIETIES OF APPLE FOR ONTARIO.

At the Winter Meeting of the Fruit Growers' Association the members present gave a list of twenty varieties of apple which each thought from his own standpoint of knowledge and observation to be the best for cultivation in Ontario. As was to be expected, individual tastes and preferences made some variation in the list, even among those who resided in the same county, but when comparison is instituted between the lists given in by those who reside in the colder parts of the Province and the lists of those whose homes are in the old Niagara District, then the great diversity becomes apparent. The truth is, that the diversity of climate in Ontario is so great that it is quite impossible to give a list of varieties that will be the best to grow in all parts of the Province. Regard must be had to the climatic conditions of the several parts of the country, and those kinds selected which the test of experience has shewn to be suited to the climate, or which from their known endurance in other places of similar climate, may be expected to do well.

Neglect of these considerations has led to a great deal of dissapointment. Some who read the lists given in by men of long experience in fruit growing at once conclude that these are the varieties for them to plant, forgetting the great difference there may be between the climate in their own sections and that which prevails where these fruit growers reside. Tree agents also, from want of consideration of these differences of temperature, have often advised the planting of varieties by those who purchased from them that were wholly unsuited to the locality, forgetting or not knowing that varieties which were highly profitable where they lived would not thrive where their customers lived.

One of the objects in view in drawing attention to this subject at this time is to impress upon our readers the importance of carefully reflecting upon the particular circumstances of location, exposure and climate by which they are surrounded, and applying their own judgment to the selection of the varieties of apple and other fruits that will be likely to succeed, and not too hastily to conclude that the varieties which some distinguished pomologist recommends, or which some tree agent praises, are therefore the sorts for them to plant. Think on these matters for yourselves, make yourselves acquainted with the varieties your near neighbors have grown and with what results, read

what is said about them by others who live in similar surroundings, and then you will be prepared to plant intelligently.

One thing more, twenty varieties of apples are not wanted by any one who is growing fruit for profit. The planting of a great many varieties is a very common error, but the wise man will confine his plantation to a few sorts. One variety of early ripening apples for summer use is quite sufficient, another to follow, and so arranged as to keep up a succession through the autumn, winter and spring is all that is wanted, and if one is planting for market a multiplicity of kinds is only a nuisance. In the climate of that part of Ontario where the peach will thrive, the following varieties will give a continued succession, namely: Early Harvest, Sweet Bough, Duchess of Oldenburg, Gravenstein, Blenheim Orange, Fameuse, Ribston Pippin, R. I. Greening, E. Spitzenburgh, Talman Sweet, Swayzie Pomme Grise and Roxbury Russet. This list might not suit the preferences of many, who can alter it to their liking, but is given to shew that about a dozen varieties is all that is needed to keep one's table well supplied with this fruit throughout its season; and they will, if judiciously selected, give far more satisfaction than any orchard of even twenty sorts, to say nothing of orchards embracing the entire catalogue.

SMOKING OUT THE CURCULIO.

In some of the discussions at meetings of the Fruit Growers' Association mention has been made of this method of getting rid of the depredations of this troublesome insect, and thereby securing a crop of plums. In the July number of *Moore's Rural Life*, a new and very beautiful as well as instructive monthly, devoted to suburban, village and country homes, published at 34 Park Row, New York, for only \$1.50 a year, we find the experience of Dr. Kuffman, of Iowa City, with this method. In the season of 1874 he put about a quart of coal-tar, procured from the gas works, into a long-handled stew-pan, which he ignited with the help of a few shavings. Carrying this under his plum trees he filled every part of the tree with the dense smoke, which evidently had the effect of causing every insect, even worms and spiders, to leave the trees. This smoking operation he repeated three or four times a week, and if rain washed off the smudge, he immediately smoked the trees again. He continued this proceeding until near the

ripening of the fruit, and as the result, harvested over thirty bushels of plums from forty-two trees. In the season of 1875 the plum crop was an entire failure, but in 1876 there was a good yield, and he again had recourse to the smoking with the satisfactory result of not being able to find the mark of a *Curculio* on any of his plums, except in trees which he had intentionally left without smoking. The fruit on these trees, with the exception of one variety, was all stung by the *Curculio*, and fell off. We wish the Doctor had told us what variety of plum that was which the *Curculio* did not sting, for if not stung under such circumstances there is reason to believe that there is one variety which is *Curculio* proof, and it might be worth while to plant that extensively as a market plum.

THE EFFECT OF DIFFERENT COLORS UPON LIFE.

We all know that the light which comes to us from the sun is compounded of all the colors of the rainbow, that all these colors blended together make the pure light—the light of day.

Experiments have been made to ascertain what is the effect of each of these colors upon both animal and vegetable life. The theory was started some time ago that plants would thrive best in blue light, and that grapes especially, growing in our hot houses, were benefitted by glazing the houses with blue glass, the health and vigor of the vines being greatly improved, and as a consequence their productiveness. These experiments were undertaken in order to test this theory, and see if the different rays of the spectrum had any beneficial effect upon life, and in what degree.

The *Journal of Science*, published in Toledo, Ohio, an excellent periodical of practical information, says that the result of these investigations seems to shew that animals live longest in the green and red lights, that violet light favors development to a great degree, blue light next, and then yellow light. Plants from which the red light was withheld were no longer able to increase in weight, but took to consuming their own substance, and gradually died. The conclusion seems to be that no one color is sufficient for the best welfare and growth of plants, but that each ray of the spectrum plays its own particular part in the economy of life, and that all the rays are necessary to perfect health and full development.

Thus it is that the investigations of science only reveal the matchless wisdom of the Creator, and shew that He has provided for every necessity of life just that which will best supply the need.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A RECENT JOURNEY SOUTH.

BY WM. SAUNDERS, LONDON, ONT.

(Continued from page 112.)

On rising from our sleeping berths on the morning of the 30th of November we found ourselves nearing Brunswick, a quiet town at the southern extremity of Georgia. This night journey had brought us to a point where the character of the vegetation had greatly changed. A dwarf-growing palm, known as the Saw Palmetto, *Sabal serrulata*, had replaced the common weeds and ferns of the day previous, and gave quite a new and tropical character to the landscape, while many of the trees began to be festooned with that beautiful plant known as Florida Moss, *Tillandsia usneoides*, a characteristic southern plant belonging to the Pine Apple family, but so closely resembling a long drooping moss as to have received everywhere the name of "Long Moss" or "Florida Moss." It is an epiphyte or air plant, which attaches itself to the bark of the trees by a slender filament, from which it grows long in luxuriant hanging tufts sometimes a yard or more in length, drawing its nourishment from the surrounding atmosphere. The forests are composed almost entirely of the large leaved Yellow Pine, *Pinus australis*, valuable for the production of turpentine and rosin, and also the source of the great lumber supply of this district.

We arrived in Brunswick in time to take the boat on the inland route for Florida at 7 a.m. We were soon pursuing a tortuous course among the low lands, covered with reeds and rushes, backed by higher islands. Passing Jackel's Island, we get a glimpse of the open ocean, which was soon again hidden from view by the larger Cumberland Island, which is twenty miles long, and a famous hunting ground, where deer are plentiful and wild fowl abound. It is wooded chiefly with pine. The day was warm, but the sea breeze and the novel scenery about us made it most enjoyable. There were thousands and tens of thousands of ducks flying about in flocks over the sea marshes; grey and white cranes, turkey buzzards, and many other birds, helped

to enliven the air, while numerous porpoises sported in the waters about us, and untold thousands of bushels of oysters were everywhere cropping up in huge heaps and lining the bottoms and margins of the shoals. We reached Fernandina, Florida, about noon.

Fernandina is an old but rather quiet town, built on an island just off the main land, called Amelia Island, and has one of the best and safest harbors on the Atlantic coast. During the war of 1812, when the town was Spanish and neutral, more than three hundred square-rigged vessels were congregated in its capacious harbor at one time. It was founded by the Spaniards in the early history of America, and has witnessed many scenes of strife and bloodshed. Here the first orange trees were seen with oranges on them, also bananas fruiting in the open air. The banana is so associated in one's mind with large conservatories with their elegant and refined surroundings, that it seemed quite incongruous to see a handsome banana tree overshadowing a dirty negro cabin. Roses were in bloom, and quite plentiful, gigantic aloes, such as I had never seen before, flourished in the gardens, oleanders as large as good sized apple trees just coming into flower, and large Palmetto trees, *Sabal adansonii*, from twenty to thirty feet high, were very handsome features in the landscape.

After a comfortable dinner at the hotel, where we enjoyed our first feast of fresh Florida oranges, we left by train for Jacksonville, arriving there early in the evening. Away from the coast line and rivers the country is very flat and uninteresting. The soil is usually damp, and covered with Yellow Pine and Scrub Palmetto, mixed with various sorts of grasses. Jacksonville, named after General Andrew Jackson, is the largest city on the Atlantic coast south of Savannah, and contains about thirteen thousand inhabitants. It is situated on the St. John's River, twenty-five miles from its mouth. An extensive lumber business is transacted here, and vessels may be seen at all times at the wharves loading for distant ports. Heavy shipments of oranges are also made from this port during the winter months. Looking out of my bedroom window next morning the first thing seen was a large wild orange tree on the street laden with its golden fruit; on a line with it were several fine specimens of the Eucalyptus tree, *Eucalyptus globulus*, while on the opposite side of the street there was a splendid row of live oaks, *Quercus virens*, an evergreen oak of free growth, with beautiful glossy foliage. These gaily decorated with Florida

Moss, were succeeded by good specimens of the Chinaberry tree, leafless at this season, but laden with their showy clusters of buff colored berries; while beyond all, forming a background to this scene, flowed the St. John's River, which is here nearly two miles wide. During an early walk I passed some beautiful gardens, where the rose, the jasmine, and the brilliant colored poinsetta, and many other floral beauties, vied with each other in brilliancy and fragrance, and made it very difficult to believe that this was really a December day. There is, however, an entire absence of fine grassy lawns, which lend such a charm to homes further north; the climate is too hot in summer for the fine grasses and clover to endure, hence any attempts in this direction are with coarser species of native grasses, which lack the softness and beauty of the finer grasses we are accustomed to see. While the climate in winter is so very suitable for flower growing, the soil is very poor in many places, almost pure white sand, so that it becomes a matter of surprise that plants, flowers and fruit succeed at all. After spending a quiet but very pleasant Sunday in Jacksonville, we paid a visit by boat on Monday morning to one of the neighboring orange groves on the St. John's, where we enjoyed the sight and taste of this luscious fruit, and spent a very pleasant hour or two in wandering among the orange, lemon and lime groves, and enjoying the fragrance of beautiful roses and other flowers growing in profusion.

TRANSPLANTING.

BY P. E. BUCKE, OTTAWA, ONT.

With regard to transplanting trees, there are hardly any, from the currant and gooseberry to the large forest tree, that are not greatly benefitted by being taken out of the ground, the roots pruned and re-set one or two years before they leave the nursery. If this method was more generally adopted by our nurserymen there would be fewer failures when trees were permanently planted. The planter would also find that the trees would not receive so great a check in its growth, and would come to bearing maturity a year or two earlier. Any one who understood what he was about would gladly give an advance price for such trees, as the roots would be more fibrous.

Any nurseryman who would adopt this plan with a portion of his stock, and advertise the difference in the cost of trees so transplanted

and those not so treated, would add a valuable feature to his catalogue. It is obvious that the reason why trees make so little growth the first year after they have been set, is not so much the removal as the loss of their feeding roots, which have to be replaced before the tree can make a start to grow again; and there is no reason why this check should not take place before the intending planter procures the trees as well as afterwards. It is well known that Evergreens are moved twice and mostly three times, and there is no reason why deciduous trees should not be similarly treated. Young orchards or shade trees will resist almost any drought, especially if mulched; and thus by setting trees sure to grow, time, labor and money may be saved with a little forethought and precaution. Everyone knows the reason why young trees are more successfully moved than old ones is because they have proportionately more fibrous roots left attached to them after they are taken up.

Those who have lived in a town where there is a taste for decorating the streets with forest shade trees, can scarcely help having noticed the number that die and have to be replaced. As a rule this misfortune is caused by getting trees direct from the woods and setting them along the streets without any previous root-pruning or any other preparation. The wonder is that so many grow—that they do not all die. I have tried several experiments in this branch of forestry, and have been so successful that perhaps my personal experience may not be uninteresting. Several years ago, whilst discussing the matter of growing trees with a friend one autumn day, as we were passing through a sugar bush, he said: “I would advise your trying to grow some of these seedling maples, they will take little room, and I think you will find it a success.” So as we walked along together we pulled up with our hands seventy-five little fellows a foot or eight inches high. These I carried home, and having pruned the roots, planted them in a trench thirty-five feet long, where they stood a couple of years, at which time I had a nice lot of young trees four feet high. These I dug up in the spring, thoroughly root-pruned, removing all top roots, and planted round the inside of my garden fence. Two years more gave me nice thrifty saplings as thick as my thumb and eight feet high. Of course during this time I pruned off all side shoots, and I found that even those that were crooked soon grew as straight as a rush. This spring I set out along the roadside as pretty a lot of clean

looking young trees as I ever saw. The year previous to getting the Maples, I obtained some nuts of the Butternut; these I planted, and have also transplanted a couple of times, and many are now ten and twelve feet high; these are set intermediate with the Maples, and make a most desirable looking lot of shade trees, and leafed out as if they had never been moved.

There, is however, this objection to the Butternut: it puts out its leaves late in the spring, and drops them early in autumn. But the nuts are valuable when young as a pickle, and when older, boys, and some men, like them to eat. The leaf is very feathery, and has a graceful appearance not unlike the Palm. Further west and south I would recommend the Sweet Chestnut; its leaves resemble the Beech, but are of a darker green, and more glossy, and the nut has a certain market value.

REPORT ON MR. MOYER'S SEEDLING PEACH.

BY ROBERT BURNET, LONDON, ONT.

For three years past we have been annually favored with the receipt of samples of the "Early Canada," a seedling peach raised by Mr. Allen Moyer, of Jordan Station, G. W. R. of Canada.

Two years ago the fruit was fully ripe on the first of August, this season they are a little later. The "Early Canada" is a taking fruit, bright in color, slashed with pink, and of a fair size. Its quality is first rate, flavor delicious, and an almost perfect free stone. In this last respect the "Early Canada" is fairly ahead of all other early peaches. It is more free at the pit than the "Alexander," the earliest of the early ones. It is earlier than either "Amsden's June" or "Honeywell," and this is saying a deal in favor of the "Early Canada."

We are satisfied that the "Early Canada" will take a foremost place among early peaches. Mr. Moyer is to be complimented on his perseverance and success in at last having introduced one of the best early peaches known.

When we add that Mr. Moyer is one of our most talented, devoted and practical workers in our Fruit Grower's Association of Ontario, we only express the unanimous desire of every member of our Association, that a full reward may crown his laudable endeavors to benefit fruit growers.

TOMATOES.

BY A. HOOD, BARRIE, ONT.

It is part of our nature to set little value on that which is easily obtained, and to prize highly some things otherwise valueless because they are scarce. Else why should old coins and old pictures be sold for such fancy prices when the new are so much more beautiful and therefore more valuable? I say more valuable, because my standard of value in a picture consists in the power it possesses of affording pleasure to those who look at it, and not in that false worship that is accorded to the productions of the old masters because of their age, or their something, that nobody can see but the initiated. No, our modern painting is worth a dozen of them.

But what has all this to do with Tomatoes? Simply this, that most of the readers of this journal live in favored localities, where they can have them for nearly three months in the year without even the trouble of sowing the seed, and naturally they value them less because so easily obtained; while here, and in every other locality where it has been the writer's fortune to reside, it is only by particular care and a great deal of nursing that we are able to obtain the ripe fruit in anything like seasonable time, and we value them accordingly. We start them in the house, nurse them in the hot-bed, protect them from June frosts on the open ground, and if after all our trouble we are able to make use of the ripe fruit for six weeks in the year (very frequently it is only three) we consider ourselves very fortunate and amply repaid for our trouble.

It is said that a mother loves most that child that has given her the most trouble and anxiety, and it may be that I, like others, love tomatoes more than I should did they tax my time and attention less. But admitting my liability to a partiality of this kind, I still believe that they have an intrinsic value of their own, which those who are so fortunate as to possess them in abundance are for that very reason not so well able to appreciate.

But why all this preface about such a common fruit as the tomato? you will ask. Just so, but you see it is not common with me after all the trouble I have in growing it. But some, who have more than they want of it, can't understand that anything that is common may be at the same time valuable, or a proper subject for a long article, but I

consider a fruit that is meat, drink and medicine, all in one, and is likely to prove more beneficial to the human race than a great many things that cost more money, is worthy of more enthusiasm than I am capable of arousing in its favor.

As a meat it is not, I admit, very substantial, but as a drink what can be more delightfully refreshing? As a medicine it aids digestion, acts on the liver and kidneys, counteracts the baneful effects of a malarious atmosphere, and possesses, though in a smaller degree, the virtues of calomel, without its injurious qualities; is a sovereign remedy for dyspepsia and indigestion, and has been used successfully for the cure of diarrhoea. I know nothing equal to it for creating an appetite; and as, at the same time, it aids in digesting the additional food it induces you to consume, as a matter of course it has a tendency to cover the bones with an extra coating of flesh. Its action too is not that of a temporary stimulant, it does not cease to give an appetite when you cease to make use of it, but if you continue this agreeable medicine while it is in season the benefit will last through the winter. As meat, as drink or as medicine, the idea is, not conveyed that it has any merit as a dessert, but as its ardent admirer I should be doing it great injustice did I not place before the readers its claims in that respect, and demand for it a very high rank as an after-dinner relish, possessing a property that I can ascribe to no other fruit, that permits you to eat of it to excess without injurious consequences, for as it acts as a gentle stimulant to the digestive organs, if the stomach be overloaded it soon passes off without any disagreeable effect, or creating any tendency to indigestion.

If you wish to enjoy this fruit in its greatest perfection eat it fresh off the vines. Take a sweet cake or soda biscuit in your hand, about an hour after dinner, and visit the tomato patch, select one that is not too ripe, and if the eating of that does not give you an appetite for another you have not got the right kind of tomatoes. I have only very recently discovered the right kind myself. Years ago we thought of nothing but the Large Red and the Large Yellow, but as earliness with me was always a desideratum, I cultivated the Early Red French, which I think must be identical with Hubbard's Curled Leaf, and have found it to be the very earliest kind I could procure, and I think it has that distinction still. Its flavor is good, very much superior to the Large Red, but it grows so wrinkled and uneven in shape that it

is generally rejected for kitchen use, and it does not sell well. It is also very watery, having scarcely any pulp adhering to the skin; but with all its faults, it is so much superior in flavor to the Large Red, that while I enjoy eating it raw like a plum, I should never make use of the latter unless cooked.

This year I have had a surprise, and an agreeable one too. I have cultivated two kinds of tomatoes that I had never before tried, viz: the Trophy and Hathaway's Excelsior. These are of a more regular shape, have both a thicker pulp, and a thick fleshy lining adhering to the skin something like that of a musk-melon, which gives them that firmness which is called in the catalogues "very solid." The flavor of the Trophy is good, but that of the Excelsior is better; yes, superior beyond all expectation. It is as much superior to the common Large Red as a Lombard is superior to a wild plum. It is not so large or productive as the Trophy, nor have I found it any earlier. I obtained the seed of Jas. Vick, of Rochester, who describes it in his catalogue as "of excellent quality every way—the best tomato I have ever grown," and it quite justifies the description. This fruit is evidently improving, plums will have to get out of the way or it will catch up to them.

I dare say some of my readers will think that if tomatoes are good they are not deserving of all this eulogy. Well, judging by the same rules as other fruits, perhaps not, but they must take into consideration the comfort they feel after partaking of a liberal allowance; what a delightful sense of fulness and internal satisfaction they experience; and then how flattering it is to one's hopes of longevity to know that you are day by day adding a little flesh to your none-too-corpulent figure; to feel that your vest is getting too small, and that the waist-band of your pants will certainly have to be loosened out. What a relish too you have for your food during the next six months. How glorious a thing it is to be able, like Macbeth, to say, "Throw physic to the dogs," and rejoice in the diminution of your doctor's bills. What a pity it is that we cannot have two crops in the year, so that our shadows might never grow less.

COAL OIL FOR THE CURCULIO.

One of our members, R. O'Hara, Chatham, writes that he placed an open basin of coal oil in one of his plum trees last spring. He now

notices the fact that the fruit on all the trees except this one is destroyed by the Curculio. On this tree a few were injured in the middle of July, after he had removed the basin of oil.

Have any others tried this experiment? If they have will they please give their experience through the pages of the HORTICULTURIST.

A. M. PURDY'S EXPERIENCE WITH RASPBERRIES.

In the August number of the *Fruit Recorder*, the Editor gives his summer's experience with several kinds of raspberries, from which we learn that he finds the Davidson's Thornless (black) and Highland Hardy (red) to be the first to ripen, and that a good succession is kept up in the black raspberries by the Doolittle, Mammoth Cluster and Gregg. He speaks well of our favorite black, the Mammoth Cluster, of its size and productiveness, and he seems to go into ecstasies over the Gregg, which ripens its crop after the Mammoth Clusters are gone, claiming that it is the largest, most productive and best black raspberry grown.

After the Highland Hardy, he finds that the Turner is the next red raspberry to ripen, after that the Brandywine, which is so firm a berry that it bears shipping to a long distance, and on this account, combined with its bright color, productiveness, and hardiness of its bush is a very valuable market fruit. We infer from his remarks that this variety requires a rich soil and high culture to produce the best results. The Philadelphia is put down as the most productive of all the red raspberries, and sells around home for about the same price as other reds. The Clarke and Herstine are considered fine for home market but too soft for shipping. Of the Pride of the Hudson, he says the plant mildews badly, the fruit large, soft and of poor flavor, not equal to the old Hornet or the Delaware. The Henrietta he pronounces to be the same as the Amazon. Ganargua is put down as a fruit of poor quality though a great cropper. The Carolina is described as a rich amber colored fruit, productive and hardy as a black cap. The Golden Thornless is praised for its productiveness and value for drying, but we cannot see of what use so poor and flavorless a fruit can be even where it is dried. The Thwack is mentioned as a very fine berry, and a little larger than the Brandywine, and a good cropper, with a promise of being very hardy.

THE CURRANT CROP.

BY E. GOTT, ARKONA.

Right glad are we that we planted the currant ground after all. For the last year or two we have been very despondent of reaping any fruit for our labor from this plantation, though quite extensive, on account of the disheartening prevalence of the Currant Worm, and of its determined and repeated devastation on the foliage of our currant bushes. But now we think the good hand of Divine Providence has even restrained this pest in our favor; and although it was present in some numbers, yet the evil has not been as severe as usual, nor the desolation destructive to the crop. The result is as handsome a crop of Red, White and Black Currants as it was ever our privilege and pleasure to possess; and they are coloring up so finely in their various hues as to tempt even the most fastidious palate.

As usual, too, in our fruit business this year the market is in tip-top tone, ready to grasp with out-stretched hands the beautiful specimens of rich, ripe fruit as they are offered in their season. This is at present a very encouraging feature of the fruit business in this country, and the realization of our fond hopes. Of the sorts we fail to see the great advantage of, are the large, high-bred European kinds, as compared with the old familiar sorts, Red and White Dutch; neither have we succeeded in reconciling the old dispute of either the identity or essential difference of the two claimants to popular favor Cherry and La Versailles. We do feel, however, that the advantages very strongly lie in the cultivation of the smaller varieties. Of these, for red, we much prefer the old Red Dutch and the Victoria, for white, we very highly esteem White Grape and old White Dutch, and for black, the preference should be at once given to Black Naples.

From these we firmly believe the maximum of satisfaction and of profit will be surely gathered if carefully managed and cultivated on suitable dry and strong clay loamy soils. Of the various uses of the currant in our domestic economy it is scarcely necessary for me to speak, considering the class of readers I am addressing. The farmers' wives and promising daughters of this country know full well the various uses of the delicious fruits they see growing around their family homes, and can, by their intelligent skill and ready ingenuity place them before their guests as temptingly as those of any other people.

Served up as jellies or in pies, or with cream and sugar upon them, whole and uncooked, they are at once healthy, nutritious and pleasant taking.

DOCTOR REEDER PEAR NOT SUBJECT TO BLIGHT.

BY S. D. WILLARD, GENEVA, N. Y.

Noticing an article in the *CANADIAN HORTICULTURIST* regarding Dr. Reeder Pear, I want to say a word in its favor.

I have four trees in my orchard that two years ago withstood the blight,—when Clapp's Favorite and Beurre d'Anjou all around them were destroyed entirely—and to-day are loaded down with fruit. Although not to the nurseryman a desirable tree to grow, it certainly seems to me as one of the best, providing it sustains its character in these respects.

A VISIT TO MR. A. GAULD'S GARDEN, LONDON.

BY ROBERT BURNET, LONDON.

There is a common but true saying that "Far fowls have fair feathers." Men are often greatly concerned to know of the distant and the future, while the present and the near have no attractions for them. This is true of matters horticultural as well as of everyday occurrence. Few people who have not seen Mr. Gauld's grapes under glass would believe what an excellent show an amateur can make in the production of grapes. Though Mr. Gauld's residence is within five minutes walk of the centre of our busy city, yet he here displays his good taste in rural life in cultivating the choicest selection of Pomona's gifts. His grape house is forty-eight feet long by a corresponding breadth, and stocked with a dozen and a half of very fine varieties of indoor grapes. Some idea of Mr. Gauld's self-imposed labor may be gathered from the fact that he cares for, thins, prunes, and keeps in first-rate order sixty-two vines. A thrip was scarcely to be seen, and the whole surroundings were models of neatness.

Out of doors he can exhibit many of Rogers' varieties of grapes, and most of the established sorts generally held in good repute by horticulturists. His Burnet vines were making good progress, though they have been twice cut down by the frost this season. To give the new

and valuable grape, the Pocklington, a fair chance, he had one under glass and another in the open air. The one in the open air was uncommonly like a Concord in appearance, and very different in habit from its fellow under glass. On making a comparison, however, of the foliage, the Pocklington was found better clothed and thicker in leaf than the Concord.

The trees and plants distributed by the Fruit Grower's Association of Ontario were on the whole doing well. The Flemish Beauty, Clapp's Favorite, Swayzie Pomme Grise and Grime's Golden flourished greatly.

Mr. Gauld's cultivation is to be much admired. He believes in and acts on the principle of mulching, indeed he attends to the grand first principles of horticulture. Having a good manure heap, the very weeds being made to do duty in this respect.

We tasted some very fine Red Astrachan apples fully ripe, and found the trees loaded with luscious fruit. A White Smith Gooseberry growing in the tall grass was free from mildew, others in clean and cultivated borders were badly affected.

Mr. Gauld is one of our quietest but most efficient members of the Fruit Growers' Association, and while enthusiastic in the theory of fruit culture, is one of our most practical horticulturists. We may add also that he makes annually a fair show at the Western and Provincial exhibitions.

PARIS GREEN.

BY R. O'HARA, CHATHAM, ONT.

I feel it almost a duty to warn your readers against the use of Paris Green as an insecticide, recommended on page 35 of your March number, or at least to give them my experience in using this deadly poison.

Last summer I found a vigorous cherry tree which was rejoicing in its fifth summer, infested with caterpillars. I resolved to employ active means to exterminate them, and syringed the tree with a weak solution of the drug. To my great satisfaction I found the ground next morning strewed with the dead and dying. Alas! I killed the tree also. This spring it refused to put forth bud or blossom, and in the month of June it was as dry as a lime burner's hat.

